

## The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1914.

"Prosperity is not always successful  
patriotism." A sentence from Mr.  
Wilson's Independence Day speech for  
the Colonel to ponder.

## Mr. Warburg's Withdrawal.

The withdrawal of the name of Paul M. Warburg as one of the members of the Federal Reserve Board is a misfortune. Mr. Warburg was one of the best, if not the best, of President Wilson's appointments to this important board, and it will be extremely difficult for him to find another man of Mr. Warburg's caliber willing to succeed him. The action of a few irreconcilable radicals in the Senate in opposing the confirmation of Mr. Warburg's appointment strikes a serious blow at the new currency system in its infancy.

The Colonel's resignation from the Outlook for lack of time to attend to his duties makes one wonder how much attention he paid to said duties while in the River of Doubt.

## A Bond Issue Suggestion.

If the Council thinks the healthy demand for Richmond city bonds will be impaired by a bond issue for streets, not regarded wholly as permanent improvements, it might sell the bonds to the Sinking Fund, which could in turn sell them to citizens of Richmond in ten-dollar bits. In this way the money would be secured without the necessity of going into the bond market, and thousands of citizens would feel a greater interest in the city government as financial partners. It is a new suggestion. It has been tried elsewhere and has succeeded.

In order to be Mayor of Butte, there are two essentials: A favorable election and the ability to use a revolver with neatness and dispatch.

## Mexico and the Balkans.

While we are condemning George Fred Williams for speaking his mind plainly as regards conditions in the Balkans, and the method in which they are handled by the European powers, let it not be forgotten that a certain European minister in Mexico (City was not too reticent some time ago about the manner in which we were handling the Mexican situation. Let it not be forgotten, also, that, though European nations have been criticizing the United States for its Mexican policy, they have been consistently hanging things in the Balkans since the Turks were driven from before Vienna.

These days it is hard to tell whether you are assisting a distressed maiden or butting into the movies.

## The Making of a Revolution.

While much importance has been attached to the disclosures that big business in the United States and England has had a finger in the revolutionary broth in Mexico, it may be well for the Senate to investigate. The whole truth will not hurt, whatever it may be.

Of one thing, however, we can be sure. Big business is not the only, nor yet the controlling, cause of the revolution in Mexico. Big business can, and sometimes does, buy leaders and provide them with money, but unless there be widespread dissatisfaction among the masses there will be no followers, and without followers there will be no revolution. Whatever may have influenced Carranza—and his motives are probably mixed—it is the unjust agrarian laws, the system of peonage, the knowledge that the poor cannot turn to the law for justice, and many other wrongs to the poor and other poor, that has influenced them. And they are the soldiers in the ranks. They are making the revolution, and making it a success.

Just what Louisiana expects from twenty-round prize fights is not apparent.

## Foreign Trade.

American business men are so accustomed to being scolded for their lack of enterprise in attempting to "conquer" foreign markets that they have grown quite callous. They refuse to blush when they are told that on a per capita basis the foreign trade of the United States is less than that of Argentina, and they stiff-neckedly will not bow their heads in shame when the fact is thrust under their noses that—by the same per capita method of computation—Canada's foreign trade far surpasses that of this country.

They appear to be too busy getting ready to welcome the good times that are upon us to offer any defense. Perhaps it might be urged on their behalf that a man does not seek to till distant acres until he has cultivated those he lives on, and that all human effort seeks the lines of least resistance in common with the

forces of nature. To sell at home means the overcoming of fewer obstacles than to find customers in Siam.

Furthermore, it is to be observed that, on the average, a machine will turn out goods as fast in Argentina or Canada as it will in the United States. The home markets of those two countries do not absorb commodities in anything like the quantities of the American home market. Hence they export, and, incidentally, what they export is mainly foodstuffs.

All of which is only meant to hint that the business man, continually berated though he is for his alleged want of enterprise as an exporter, could defend himself if he had the time. It is not intended to convey the thought that foreign trade is not worth striving for. The fact is that orders from abroad for American manufactures are increasing; American bankers are improving the banking facilities, and the day is not very distant when this country will have all the foreign business its geographical situation entitles it to—and perhaps a little more.

The latest thriller is "The Rape of Panama," running serially in the New York World.

## Off the Pedestal.

Norman Hapgood, erstwhile editor of Collier's, and now playing weekly engagements in Harper's, is a most disillusioned individual. It's all about T. R.

Norman used to burn great cargoes of incense before the Rooseveltian shrine. To his perverted fancy and his exuberant imagination, the Colonel appeared worthy of nothing this side of idolatry.

Gradually, Norman has seen another light. Slowly, he has been inclined to Woodrow Wilson, seeing genuine statesmanship in the virtues of the President and, in a broad and brave spirit, not hesitating to say as much. But beneath this candor the shrewd observer could detect a note of longing, a wistful homesick feeling for T. R.

In a recent issue of Harper's, however, Brother Hapgood throws out a tolerably strong hint that henceforth the Colonel will have to rock along as best he may without his support. Norman is disappointed in the Colonel. He doesn't see how a man who has shown real gleams of bigness can indulge in sheerly destructive work, as he now is doing regarding Wilson's tariff, currency and trust program. He thinks men of Roosevelt's eminence ought to be large enough and patriotic enough to uphold the hands of a President when his work has been good, even though that President be a partisan opponent. It grieves him to see the Colonel playing ancient and peanut politics for the sake of personal aggrandizement.

Sometimes we despair of Brother Hapgood. Will he ever be other than an amateur in politics? Will he ever cultivate a mind detached enough to sheer down beneath the showy and sounding surface and reach the true grain of the incorrigible politician? A good man and an earnest man, and one with a genuine desire for service, he still retains the easy and confiding enthusiasms of the proletariat, taking the spellbinder at his own estimate and tossing cap in air, when the prudent course would be to go over the spellbinder's record with a high-power microscope.

## An Interesting Crime.

It is about 8 o'clock of a pleasant June evening in a doctor's quiet office in a New York City suburban village. The doctor has given his female patient some antimalarial pills and is holding the door open for her to depart. Glass shatters, a hand holding a revolver is thrust through a broken window of the doctor's office. The patient is shot dead, while the physician seeks safety under the lee of an operating chair.

Who fired the shot? Anybody's guess appears to be as good as anybody else's.

Here, at least, there is mystery. Amid the mass of revolting crimes with which the big cities are but too familiar, this crime stands out. And it has the modern scientific touch. The physician's wife had had a daguergraph—Instrument hated of politicians—installed in order to ascertain whether her husband's interest in women patients was professional only, hinting at a corroding jealousy.

If there must be capital crimes, let them contain something to whet the imagination upon, and not merely sordid killings for money.

"When the Democrats are reproached with the failure of their new free trade bill, which has thrown so many persons out of work, to reduce the price of living, the heat they can do, by way of reply, is to point to the greater cheapness of sugar," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They do not need to make any reply, for there is no "free trade Wilson tariff," and the Inquirer knows it, and the tariff reduction has not thrown "so many persons out of work," and it has not had time to reduce materially the cost of living, and all but the wilfully blind know it.

"Many dogs have highly developed brains," says a noted veterinarian. "Probably, the day in the far future, a noted physician will be able to announce the same discovery as to men."

When it comes to a question of veracity—as it will—between Roosevelt and Wilson, which will receive the verdict?

Not a great part of the people of Richmond are qualified to vote in the coming Administrative Board election, but all those qualified can vote.

Can't you remember the time when woman's dress was a mystery? Now it's a revelation.

In Uncle Sam's navy now only empty schooners can cross the bar.

Most people forget what they were really celebrating.

Give to the ice fund.

Wayside Chats With  
Old Virginia Editors

"Roosevelt is now discovering oceans of doubt in New York politics," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. And voters are discovering oceans of doubt in Roosevelt's politics.

The Lynchburg Advance is another that fails to understand how Richmond can be of no importance financially to the league. It points out, "declared that the league is not content with the value of the league. But since the Richmond's value has enhanced." The Advance concludes with this bit of prophecy: "Old Aesop wrote a fable about a dog who dropped his bit of flesh to snatch at a shadow. He also got nothing."

"There is positively no argument against compulsory school attendance, if it once be admitted that popular education is a public necessity," says the Newport News. None at all, except "we can't afford it," though, of course, we can.

"Why set up straw men?" asks the Staunton News, commenting upon the statement in this column that the people of Virginia will not condone the position to President Wilson's appointments unless there be good reason for that opposition. We have set up no straw men.

At least, one of them—Virginia Senators—did not. The Virginia Senators—editor of the Newport News—opposed the nomination of Mr. Lawson for postmaster at Danville and by the exercise of extrajudicial rights secured the election of his name by the Senate. And they did it without giving any good reason. They did it without making public any reason, at all, and they did not make it public because there was no reason that the public would accept. They caused the rejection of Mr. Lawson because he and those supporting him were, and still are, friends of Woodrow Wilson. Is that plain enough for the News? Does it regard that as a straw man of "ifs" and "ands"?

Speaking of the discovery of a dictagraph, placed in a doctor's office by his wife, the Newport News Times-Herald says: "Good night! This is an age of dangers! We are all so careful then, ought we to live, with what religious fear, when telephone devices bring your wife so dangerously near? We are glad the lesson was not lost. Keep out of those color games hereafter, and laugh in the face of all the dictagraphs."

"Did you ever stop to think what a glorious country you live in?" asks the Southside Sentinel, praising the glories of Tidewater Virginia. We do not have to stop to think. The fact is brought to our attention forcibly every minute of the day.

"Vance" has left, and the Staunton Leader is inconsolable. Its sweet singer, by the way, lured away by gross hankerlings after a government job. And it feels sorry for Vance, as well as for itself. "It wrings our heart," it says, "to see the poor fellow have to go to work as early as 10 o'clock and keep it up to 3:30 or 4 o'clock. Still, he will be able to find a chance occasionally to do a little fishing and be happy."

"Having won her recent annexation fight," says the Southside Sentinel, "it may be that Richmond will now proceed to annex some of the fine territory down this way—with bands of music." It seems hopeless just now, but may be some of these fine organizations of Richmond will get to work in earnest some day and accomplish it.

Not wholly useless. He—Be—m—me the me the happiest man in the world. She—Sorry, but I want to be happy myself.—Exchange.

Asking Too Much of Him. Claude had been promised an auto ride with his father, and his mother had sent him upstairs to get ready. As he came down his mother asked: "Have you washed your face, Claude?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"And your hands?" queried the mother.

"Yes," said Claude.

"And your neck?" persisted the mother.

"Oh, see here, mother," said the boy, in disgust. "I ain't no angel!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

## By Comparison.

The present styles caused Eva much mirth:

"To Adam, she confessed:

"Why, when I was down there on earth,

I fear I overdid."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Queries and Answers

## Marriage.

May a young lady resident of Fredericksburg be married in Danville?

Certainly. If under twenty-one, she must have the consent of parents before a license will be given anywhere in Virginia.

## Postal Roads.

May contract for carrying mails specify any route except public roads?

X. Y. Z.

Many of them do so. There is no sort of intention to interfere with private rights, and the postman may be prevented from going along a private road just as any one else may be. The design of the department is to secure the most proper and shortest route, and the implied understanding is that the contract will look after permission to use private roads if any such are included in the routing.

## Sun and Earth.

Does the sun "draw" water from the earth?

C. M.

Yes.

## Since Yesterday.

Where has he gone since yesterday?

The friend who left us here?

To-night he seems so far away

My heart yearns for him near.

No map of ours, on sea or land,

His footprints may be traced;

We only know he's reached his home

And seen his Father's face.

And oh, he knows since yesterday,

And he'll be learning fast;

The mist have been cleared away,

The mysteries are past.

The sun of truth he sought so long

Unshowered, glows for him.

And nevermore one lowering cloud

Its radiance may dim.

And he has grown since yesterday,

And he'll be growing still;

The bonds of time and sense and space

That triced his eager will.

Were dropped like shackles from the

In that first upward flight.

The weary body frets no more.

The spirit, freed and light.

O fear, familiar yesterday!

O sad and strange to-day!

Yet who would call the glad soul back

To rouse the resting soul?

Or who could wish that he might

Our morrow's pain and strife,

When he who, here, so longed to live

At last has entered life?

—The Christian Herald.

## Voice of the People

## Nonvoting Church Members.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: I was greatly shocked to learn that only one church member in four is qualified to vote. Surely there must be some mistake. The men who support our churches are supposed to be the highest type of citizens, and yet that classification is impossible if they do not care enough for their government to cast a ballot on election day. To call them unpatriotic is too mild. They have been parcelled in a strong enough term to apply to their negligence. They are not good citizens. They are not citizens of any kind, and they are bad church members. I am almost sure that the church would be a boon.

GIJURCH VOTER.

Richmond, July 7, 1914.

## Singing Psalms and Voting.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I am a church member, though I do not attend as regularly as I should. However, if I do not sing and pray as much as three-fourths of the church members, I do not deliberately neglect my duties. I do, and I believe I am a better Christian than they, for I put my country above my selfish disinclination to walk a few blocks to the polls and above my love for the Almighty \$1.50 poll tax.

G. R. T.

Richmond, July 7, 1914.

## Nonvoters and Knockers.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I will wager \$10 to a best man that the greatest kickers against Richmond's city government are those church members who have deliberately thrown away the rights and privileges of citizenship upon the altar of a secure.

NO SIGNATURE.

Richmond, July 6, 1914.

## Those Happy Roosevelt Days.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I have been much interested in reading the several quotations from different papers, headed "Happy Roosevelt Days," and have sent it to one of my Republican friends. I wish you would find some of the same items in regard to conditions in 1902 and 1904, also 1893, and I think there was quite a financial depression during 1901 and at other times since 1880. The Republicans were in power, and that it would be quite humiliating to call their attention to these facts, though I have found that there are none so blind as those who do not wish to "be shown."

X. Y. Z.

Staunton, Va., July 6, 1914.

## The Bright Side

## Last Words.

"Charles seems to be very exacting," said a food mamma to the dear girl who was dressing for the wedding. "Never mind, mamma," said she sweetly. "They are his last wishes!"—Lippincott's.

## Willing to Be Messenger.

Go—Can you tell a mad dog? Steve—I guess so. What do you want me to tell him?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## No Harmony.

The styles in car steps, by the way. As every one confesses, Don't fit in very well to-day.

With current styles in dresses.

—Kansas City Journal.

## Not Wholly Useless.

He—Be—m—me the me the happiest man in the world. She—Sorry, but I want to be happy myself.—Exchange.

## Asking Too Much of Him.

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## Dr. Brady's Health Talks

## Hope for the Bald and Near-Bald.

Skin specialists whose hair tonic happens to contain an antiseptic ingredient will hail with vindication the news that the bacillus of dandruff has at last been captured alive in Europe. Alopecia areata, as the doctors call the humiliating affection of the scalp, is caused by a germ. The germ enjoys the title of "the micro-bacillus of Sabouraud," being named after its discoverer. It acts on the hair follicle precisely like the electric needle used by the micro-bacteriologist. The microbe burrows down the hair shaft and, painlessly, yet with discouraging persistence, kills the root for all time.

## Dandruff Contagious.

Corroborating Sabouraud's announcement, Professor Lassar, another famous dermatologist, demonstrated beyond all cavil the contagiousness of dandruff, the precursor of baldness. Guinea-pigs shampooed with a pomade containing dandruff scales were human beings promptly developed obstinate attacks of dandruff. The dandruff